DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 461 103 CS 215 939

TITLE	English 30, Part B: Reading. Readings Booklet [and] Questions Booklet. Grade 12 Diploma Examination, June 1997.
INSTITUTION	Alberta Dept. of Education, Edmonton. Student Evaluation Branch.
PUB DATE	1997-06-00
NOTE	58p.; For Part A: Written Response, see CS 215 938. Part B Questions Booklet (June 1997) is not available from ERIC.
PUB TYPE	Tests/Questionnaires (160)
EDRS PRICE	MF01/PC03 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS	Achievement Tests; Drama; English Instruction; *Grade 12; High Schools; *Literary Genres; Poetry; Reading Achievement; *Reading Comprehension; *Reading Materials; *Reading Skills
IDENTIFIERS	*Alberta Grade Twelve Diploma Examinations; *Response to Literature

ABSTRACT

These booklets are intended for students in Alberta, Canada, taking the Grade 12 Diploma Examinations in English 30. The readings booklet presents 7 reading selections from fiction and nonfiction literature. After instructions for students, the booklet presents: (1) Lance Morrow's essay "Metaphors of the World, Unite!"; (2) Carl Sandburg's poem "What Is a Judge?"; (3) an excerpt from William Butler Yeats' play "Cathleen Ni Houlihan"; (4) an excerpt from Fredelle Bruser Maynard's essay "One of Us"; (5) Eamon Grennan's poem "Wing Road"; (6) an excerpt from William Shakespeare's "King Richard II"; and (7) an excerpt from Rudy Wiebe's novel "The Scorched-Wood People." The questions booklet presents 70 questions based on the reading passages. (RS)

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ED 461 103

English 30, Part B: Reading

Reading Booklet

[and]

Questions Booklet

Grade 12 Diploma Examination, June 1997

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Readings Booklet

June 1997

English 30

Part B: Reading

Grade 12 Diploma Examination

Alberta EDUCATION

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June 1997

English 30 Part B: Reading
Readings Booklet
Grade 12 Diploma Examination

Description

Part B: Reading contributes 50% of the total English 30 Diploma Examination mark.

There are 7 reading selections in the Readings Booklet and 70 questions in the Questions Booklet.

Time: 2 hours. You may take an additional 1/2 hour to complete the examination.

Instructions

- Be sure that you have an English 30 Readings Booklet **and** an English 30 Questions Booklet.
- You may **not** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

I. Questions 1 to 10 in your Questions Booklet are based on this essay, published in October, 1989.

METAPHORS OF THE WORLD, UNITE!

Forty-eight intellectuals from around the world recently assembled to help celebrate the sesquicentennial[1] of Boston University by trying to find a metaphor for the age in which we live. It was an elegant game, but also inadvertently right for an age of television and drugs, in which the world is reduced to a sound bite or a capsule, a quick fix of meaning.

"Postmodern Age" has always been an empty description, and "Postindustrial Age" was a phrase about as interesting as a suburban tract. They are not metaphors anyway, but little black flags of aftermath. An age that is "post"-anything is, by definition, confused and dangerously overextended, like Wile E. Coyote after he has left the cartoon plane of solid rock and freezes in thin air, then tries to tiptoe back along a line of space before gravity notices and takes him down to a little *poof!* in the canyon far below.

The metaphysics of the possibilities can flare and darken. The Holocaust and other catastrophes of the 20th century invite the term post-apocalyptic.[2] But a world veering toward the 21st century sometimes has an edgy intuition that it is "pre-apocalyptic." Last summer Francis Fukuyama, a State Department planner, resolved the matter peacefully. He published an article proclaiming the "end of history," a result of the worldwide triumph of Western liberal democracy. Hence this is the posthistoric age, a fourth dimension in which the human pageant terminates in a fuzz of meaningless well-being. Intellectuals sometimes nurture a spectacular narcissism about the significance of the age they grace.

Is there one brilliant, compact image that captures the era of Gorbachev and the greenhouse effect, of global communications and AIDS, of mass famine and corporate imperialisms, of space exploration and the world's seas awash in plastic? The Age of Leisure and the Age of the Refugee coexist with the Age of Clones and the Age of the Deal. Time is fractured in the contemporaneous. We inhabit not one age but many ages simultaneously, from the Bronze to the Space. Did the Ayatullah Khomeini[3] live in the same millennium as, say, Los Angeles?

The era's label should be at least binary, like Dickens' "the best of times, the worst of times," again no metaphor. It is a fallacy to think there is one theme. Like all ages, it is a time of angels and moping dogs—after Ralph Waldo

Continued

[1]sesquicentennial—celebration of the anniversary of an event that occurred 150 years earlier

[2]apocalyptic—relating to either a grand or a catastrophic, violent event

[3]the Ayatullah Khomeini—political and religious leader of Iran from 1979 until his death in 1989, who wanted to return the country to its traditional values

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Emerson's lines: "It seems as if heaven had sent its insane angels into our world as to an asylum, and here they will break out in their native music and utter at intervals the words they have heard in heaven; then the mad fit returns and they mope and wallow like dogs."

In Boston, Historian Hugh Thomas (Lord Thomas of Swynnerton) said the world now is a "tessellated pavement without cement." He was quoting something Edmund Burke said about Charles Townshend, a brilliant but erratic 18th century British statesman. Not bad, but somewhat mandarin.[4] The audience had to remember, or look up, tessellation, which is a mosaic of small pieces of marble, glass or tile. This age, thinks Lord Thomas, is a mosaic of fragments, with nothing to hold them together. Is it an age of brilliant incoherence? Yes. It is also an age of incoherent stupidity.

One might put the mosaic in motion by thinking of this as the age of the hand-held TV channel changer. The electronic worldmind (and such a thing is coming into being, a global mass conformed by what passes through its billion eyes into the collective brain) has a short attention span and dreams brief dreams. When history vaporizes itself this way—its events streaming off instantly into electrons fired into space and then recombining mysteriously in human living rooms and minds around the world—then people face a surreal pluralism of realities. The small world that the astronauts showed us from space is also, down here, a psychotically tessellated overload of images. The planet reaches for the channel changer, a restless mind-altering instrument. Like drugs, it turns human consciousness into a landscape that is passive, agitated and insatiable—a fatal configuration.

Historians can speak of the Enlightenment or the Baroque Era or La Belle Epoque and not fear that they are describing developments in only a fraction of the world. Now the metaphor must be global. There is no figure of speech so powerful or acrobatic that it can cover such a drama, the world that looks like the product of a shattered mind, without some immense event (an invasion by aliens perhaps) that overrides all else. Michael Harrington once called this the Accidental Century. Intellectuals sometimes ignore the role of inadvertence. "The fecundity[5] of the unexpected," Proudhon said, "far exceeds the statesman's prudence." If scientists ever perform the alchemy of cold fusion,[6] the age will have a name, and the future of the world will be immeasurably altered.

Continued

[4]mandarin—pedantic, bookish, high-brow

[5]fecundity—fertility, capacity

[6]cold fusion—a purported means of producing nuclear reactions at low temperatures; experiments in cold fusion have been discredited

Metaphors for the age tend to be emotional and subjective, as poetry is. Perspective, passion and experience choose the words. Betty Friedan, saturated with the history of feminism's Long March and where it began, speaks of amazing freedom, as if that were the song of the past 20 years. Others are haunted by the obliteration of artistic form, of moral values and all traditional stabilities. Some know that by now humankind has exhausted its capacity to surprise itself in the doing of evil.

Language takes its life from life, and gives it back to life as myth, as metaphor, something that has a counterlife of its own. In a world of blindingly accelerating change, language can no longer fashion its metaphors fast enough to stabilize people with a spiritual counterlife, and so self-knowledge may deteriorate to a moral blur, like the snow of electrons on a television screen. In some sense the world is plunging on without benefit of metaphor, a dangerous loss. The eyes do not have time to adjust to either the light or the dark.

Lance Morrow
American Journalist

II. Questions 11 to 17 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

WHAT IS A JUDGE?

What is a judge? A judge is a seated torso and head sworn before God never to sell justice nor play favorites while he umpires the disputes brought before him.

When you take the cigar out of your face and the fedora[1] off your head in the presence of the court, you do it because it is required from those who are supposed to know they have come into a room where burns the white light of that priceless abstraction named justice.

What is a judge? The perfect judge is austere, impersonal, impartial, marking the line of right or wrong by a hairsbreadth.

Before him, bow humbly, bow low, be a pilgrim, light a candle.

For he is a rara avis, a rare bird, a white blackbird, a snow-white crow.

What is a judge? A featherless human biped having bowels, glands, bladders, and intricate blood vessels of the brain,

One more frail mortal, one more candle a sudden change of wind might blow out as any common candle blows out in a wind change

So that never again does he sit in his black robes of solemn import before a crowded courtroom saying two-years ten-years twenty-years life for you or "hanged by the neck till you are dead dead dead."

What is a judge?
He is a man.
Yes, after all, and no matter what,
and beyond all procedures and investitures,
a judge is nothing more nor less than a man—
one man having his one-man path, his one-man circle and orbit among other men
each of whom is one man.

Continued

[1]fedora—hat

Therefore should any judge open his mouth
and speak as though his words have an
added light and weight beyond the speech
of one man?
Of what is he the mouthpiece when he speaks?
Of any ideas or passions other than those gathered and met in the mesh of his own personality? Can his words be measured forth in so special a realm of exact justice instructed by tradition, that they do not relate to the living transitory blood of his vitals and brain, the blood so soon to cool in evidence of his mortal kinship with all other men?

Carl Sandburg
American Poet (1878–1967)

III. Questions 18 to 29 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a play.

from CATHLEEN NI HOULIHAN

The setting is Ireland in the late 1700s. The Irish have been repressed by the British for centuries, and the French, traditional enemies of the British, are seen by the Irish as attractive potential allies.

CHARACTERS:

PETER GILLANE—the father
BRIDGET GILLANE—the mother
MICHAEL GILLANE—their son, about to be married
THE POOR OLD WOMAN—legendary personification of Ireland
DELIA CAHEL—engaged to Michael
PATRICK GILLANE—a lad of twelve, Michael's brother
NEIGHBOURS

In the preceding scene, the family has been anticipating MICHAEL'S *wedding to* DELIA, *showing more interest in the dowry money than in the girl herself.* MICHAEL, *however, exhibits a less mercenary attitude toward the wedding. In his words, "fortune only lasts for a while, but the woman will be there always."*

In the distance is heard the sound of townspeople cheering, and stories are circulating of a strange woman walking the countryside.

MICHAEL: They're not done cheering yet. (*He goes over to the door and stands there for a moment, putting up his hand to shade his eyes.*)
BRIDGET: Do you see anything?
MICHAEL: I see an old woman coming up the path.
BRIDGET: Who is it, I wonder? It must be the strange woman Patrick saw a while ago.
MICHAEL: I don't think it's one of the neighbours anyway, but she has her cloak over her face.
BRIDGET: It might be some poor woman heard we were making ready for the wedding and came to look for her share.
PETER: I may as well put the money out of sight. There is no use leaving it out for every stranger to look at. (*He goes over to a large box in the corner, opens it and puts the bag in and fumbles at the lock.*)

Continued

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MICHAEL: There she is, father! (*An* OLD WOMAN *passes the window slowly. She looks at* MICHAEL *as she passes.*) I'd sooner a stranger not to come to the house the night before my wedding.

BRIDGET: Open the door, Michael; don't keep the poor woman waiting. (*The* OLD WOMAN *comes in.* MICHAEL *stands aside to make way for her.*)

OLD WOMAN: God save all here!

PETER: God save you kindly!

OLD WOMAN: You have good shelter here.

PETER: You are welcome to whatever shelter we have.

BRIDGET: Sit down there by the fire and welcome.

OLD WOMAN (*warming her hands*): There is a hard wind outside. (MICHAEL *watches her curiously from the door.* PETER *comes over to the table.*)

PETER: Have you travelled far to-day?

OLD WOMAN: I have travelled far, very far; there are few have travelled so far as myself, and there's many a one that doesn't make me welcome. There was one that had strong sons I thought were friends of mine, but they were shearing their sheep, and they wouldn't listen to me.

PETER: It's a pity indeed for any person to have no place of their own.

OLD WOMAN: That's true for you indeed, and it's long I'm on the roads since I first went wandering.

BRIDGET: It is a wonder you are not worn out with so much wandering.

OLD WOMAN: Sometimes my feet are tired and my hands are quiet, but there is no quiet in my heart. When the people see me quiet, they think old age has come on me and that all the stir has gone out of me. But when the trouble is on me I must be talking to my friends.

BRIDGET: What was it put you wandering?

OLD WOMAN: Too many strangers in the house.

BRIDGET: Indeed you look as if you'd had your share of trouble.

OLD WOMAN: I have had trouble indeed.

BRIDGET: What was it put the trouble on you?

OLD WOMAN: My land that was taken from me.

PETER: Was it much land they took from you?

OLD WOMAN: My four beautiful green fields.

PETER (*aside to* BRIDGET): Do you think could she be the widow Casey that was put out of her holding at Kilglass a while ago?

BRIDGET: She is not. I saw the widow Casey one time at the market in Ballina, a stout fresh woman.

PETER (*to* OLD WOMAN): Did you hear a noise of cheering, and you coming up the hill?

Continued

OLD WOMAN: I thought I heard the noise I used to hear when my friends came to visit me. (*She begins singing half to herself.*)

I will go cry with the woman,
For yellow-haired Donough is dead,
With a hempen rope for a neck-cloth,
And a white cloth on his head, —

MICHAEL (*coming from the door*): What is it that you are singing, ma'am?

OLD WOMAN: Singing I am about a man I knew one time, yellow-haired Donough that was hanged in Galway. (*She goes on singing, much louder.*)

I am come to cry with you, woman,
My hair is unwound and unbound;
I remember him ploughing his field,
Turning up the red side of the ground,
And building his barn on the hill
With the good mortared stone;
O! we'd have pulled down the gallows
Had it happened in Enniserone!

MICHAEL: What was it brought him to his death?

OLD WOMAN: He died for love of me: many a man has died for love of me.

PETER (*aside to* BRIDGET): Her trouble has put her wits astray.

MICHAEL: Is it long since that song was made? Is it long since he got his death?

OLD WOMAN: Not long, not long. But there were others that died for love of me a long time ago.

MICHAEL: Were they neighbours of your own, ma'am?

OLD WOMAN: Come here beside me and I'll tell you about them. (MICHAEL *sits down beside her on the hearth.*) There was a red man of the O'Donnells from the north, and a man of the O'Sullivans from the south, and there was one Brian that lost his life at Clontarf by the sea, and there were a great many in the west, some that died hundreds of years ago, and there are some that will die to-morrow.

MICHAEL: Is it in the west that men will die to-morrow?

OLD WOMAN: Come nearer, nearer to me.

BRIDGET: Is she right, do you think? Or is she a woman from beyond the world?

PETER: She doesn't know well what she's talking about, with the want and the trouble she has gone through.

BRIDGET: The poor thing, we should treat her well.

PETER: Give her a drink of milk and a bit of the oaten cake.

BRIDGET: Maybe we should give her something along with that, to bring her on her way. A few pence or a shilling itself, and we with so much money in the house.

PETER: Indeed I'd not begrudge it to her if we had it to spare, but if we go

Continued

running through what we have, we'll soon have to break the hundred pounds, and that would be a pity.

BRIDGET: Shame on you, Peter. Give her the shilling and your blessing with it, or our own luck will go from us. (PETER *goes to the box and takes out a shilling.*)

BRIDGET (*to the* OLD WOMAN): Will you have a drink of milk, ma'am?

OLD WOMAN: It is not food or drink that I want.

PETER (*offering the shilling*): Here is something for you.

OLD WOMAN: This is not what I want. It is not silver I want.

PETER: What is it you would be asking for?

OLD WOMAN: If anyone would give me help he must give me himself, he must give me all. (PETER *goes over to the table staring at the shilling in his hand in a bewildered way, and stands whispering to* BRIDGET.)

MICHAEL: Have you no one to care for you in your age, ma'am?

OLD WOMAN: I have not. With all the lovers that brought me their love I never set out the bed for any.

MICHAEL: Are you lonely going the roads, ma'am?

OLD WOMAN: I have my thoughts and I have my hopes.

MICHAEL: What hopes have you to hold to?

OLD WOMAN: The hope of getting my beautiful fields back again; the hope of putting the strangers out of my house.

MICHAEL: What way will you do that, ma'am?

OLD WOMAN: I have good friends that will help me. They are gathering to help me now. I am not afraid. If they are put down to-day they will get the upper hand to-morrow. (*She gets up.*) I must be going to meet my friends. They are coming to help me and I must be there to welcome them. I must call the neighbours together to welcome them.

MICHAEL: I will go with you.

BRIDGET: It is not her friends you have to go and welcome, Michael; it is the girl coming into the house you have to welcome. You have plenty to do; it is food and drink you have to bring to the house. The woman that is coming home is not coming with empty hands; you would not have an empty house before her. (*to the* OLD WOMAN.) Maybe you don't know, ma'am, that my son is going to be married to-morrow.

OLD WOMAN: It is not a man going to his marriage that I look to for help.

PETER (*to* BRIDGET): Who is she, do you think, at all?

BRIDGET: You did not tell us your name yet, ma'am.

OLD WOMAN: Some call me the Poor Old Woman, and there are some that call me Cathleen, the daughter of Houlihan.

Continued

PETER: I think I knew some one of that name, once. Who was it, I wonder? It must have been some one I knew when I was a boy. No, no; I remember, I heard it in a song.

OLD WOMAN (*who is standing in the doorway*): They are wondering that there were songs made for me; there have been many songs made for me. I heard one on the wind this morning. (*Sings.*)

Do not make a great keening
When the graves have been dug to-morrow.
Do not call the white-scarfed riders
To the burying that shall be to-morrow.
Do not spread food to call strangers
To the wakes that shall be to-morrow;
Do not give money for prayers
For the dead that shall die to-morrow. . . .

They will have no need of prayers, they will have no need of prayers.

MICHAEL: I do not know what that song means, but tell me something I can do for you.

PETER: Come over to me, Michael.

MICHAEL: Hush, father, listen to her.

OLD WOMAN: It is a hard service they take that help me. Many that are red-cheeked now will be pale-cheeked; many that have been free to walk the hills and the bogs and the rushes will be sent to walk hard streets in far countries; many a good plan will be broken; many that have gathered money will not stay to spend it; many a child will be born and there will be no father at its christening to give it a name. They that have red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake, and for all that, they will think they are well paid. (*She goes out, her voice is heard outside singing.*)

They shall be remembered for ever.
They shall be alive for ever.
They shall be speaking for ever.
The people shall hear them for ever.

BRIDGET (*to* PETER): Look at him, Peter; he has the look of a man that has got the touch. (*raising her voice*) Look here, Michael, at the wedding clothes. Such grand clothes as these are! You have a right to fit them on now; it would be a pity to-morrow if they did not fit. The boys would be laughing at you. Take them, Michael, and go into the room and fit them on. (*She puts them on his arm.*)

MICHAEL: What wedding are you talking of? What clothes will I be wearing to-morrow?

BRIDGET: These are the clothes you are going to wear when you marry Delia Cahel to-morrow.

Continued

MICHAEL: I had forgotten that. (*He looks at the clothes and turns towards the inner room, but stops at the sound of cheering outside.*)

PETER: There is the shouting come to our own door. What is it has happened?

(NEIGHBOURS *come crowding in,* PATRICK *and* DELIA *with them.*)

PATRICK: There are ships in the Bay; the French are landing at Killala! (PETER *takes his pipe from his mouth and his hat off, and stands up. The clothes slip from* MICHAEL'S *arm.*)

DELIA: Michael! (*He takes no notice.*) Michael! (*He turns towards her.*) Why do you look at me like a stranger? (*She drops his arm.* BRIDGET *goes over towards her.*)

PATRICK: The boys are all hurrying down the hillside to join the French.

DELIA: Michael won't be going to join the French.

BRIDGET (*to* PETER): Tell him not to go, Peter.

PETER: It's no use. He doesn't hear a word we're saying.

BRIDGET: Try and coax him over to the fire.

DELIA: Michael, Michael! You won't leave me! You won't join the French, and we going to be married! (*She puts her arms about him, he turns towards her as if about to yield.* OLD WOMAN*'s voice outside.*)

They shall be speaking for ever,
The people shall hear them for ever.

(MICHAEL *breaks away from* DELIA, *stands for a second at the door, then rushes out, following the* OLD WOMAN'S *voice.* BRIDGET *takes* DELIA, *who is crying silently, into her arms.*)

PETER (*to* PATRICK, *laying a hand on his arm*): Did you see an old woman going down the path?

PATRICK: I did not, but I saw a young girl, and she had the walk of a queen.

William Butler Yeats
Irish poet and dramatist (1865– 1939)

IV. Questions 30 to 41 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from an essay.

from ONE OF US

In a well-regulated universe, great revelations would be heralded by a sign—a star in the East perhaps, or an angel with flaming sword. But to me they have often come unsung. Who, knowing Moishe Bloch, would have supposed him to be the agent of epiphany?[1]

It was 1941, my third year at the University of Manitoba. Although the war too was then in its third year I had, by some marvel of obtuseness, remained largely unaware. The war was not my business. *My* business was study, pursued with single-minded passion. It would be nice to say that I was driven by pure devotion to learning—nice, but not true. My parents had come from Russia with no money, little schooling, and a great hope for the future. Here, in the new world, the children would thrive. What did it matter if the *Mama* and *Tata* worked hard in a country store? Everything was for the children—the breast of chicken, the softest shoe leather, the finest education. First in class, at school and then at the university, we would enter the promised land. I never inquired what one did there. And so I studied to win scholarships, won scholarships so I might continue to study, and asked no questions as the wheel went round. . . .

By the end of 1941, a sense of the war had reached even the most disengaged scholars. France had fallen; Germany was driving forward in the Balkans and in North Africa. Uniforms were everywhere. Some boys had left the university and joined up; those with unsatisfactory grades had been forced to leave. I was riding the streetcar to school one day, at the beginning of the examination period, when I saw Moishe Bloch edging his way towards me. I hunched into my book, prepared to freeze him out. Moishe was one of those pathetic hangers-on who is propelled through an institution of higher learning by no desire of his own, only by the absolute determination of his parents. Weak, soft, easygoing, he would have been happy, I think, to be a pants presser, as his father had been before luck and some canny investments placed him at the head of the Bloch Garment Factory. Moishe had scrabbled through two years of university work with the help of tutors and summer sessions; still carrying "supps"—supplementals—from the previous term, he was not likely to last much longer. Now he breathed strongly in my ear, his foolish face thrust close to mine. "Listen," he said, "I got to talk to you."

I couldn't imagine why. "Excuse me." I kept my eyes on the page. "I'm studying. I have an exam this afternoon."

Continued

[1] epiphany — an insightful grasp of reality through something simple and striking, such as an event

"Look, please, is important. The Army, it's out to get me for sure. . . ." He made a small noise, something between a groan and a belch. I tried not to smile, imagining him snugly buttoned into an army tunic, shivering in the front line (did armies still fight in lines?) or parachuting down from a fighter plane, his great quivering buttocks looming over Tunis or Sidi Baran.[2] "Sorry," I said crisply. "I don't have any influence with the Army."

"No, no, you don't see. . . ." He really was unbelievably thick. "It's my English. I have next week to make a paper on *Lord Jim*.[3] No paper, I'm through, washed out, *kaput*. And my father—if I go overseas, it kills him, such a heart condition he has. Look, I know English is for you no trouble. Write me a paper. Whatever you say, price no object."

I can't say I felt virtuous indignation. Mostly I was just annoyed. . . . "I don't write papers for pay. Anyway, I've got four exams myself next week. I need every minute." The streetcar had stopped outside the arts building. I pushed past him and headed for the exit. . . .

I thought about Moishe again on the way home. I was changing streetcars at Portage and the Mall, and Hudson's Bay had an all-red window. There were red sweaters, red coats, and—dead centre—a brilliant red jersey dress that knocked your eye out. It was the kind of thing worn by Heather Sanderson, whose father donated some of the scholarships I slaved for. I imagined myself swinging down the university corridors while heads turned. "Is that *Bruser?*" If I were the kind of person who wrote papers for money, I could have a dress like that.

I wasn't really surprised when the phone rang that evening. "It's a boy," my landlady said, handing me the receiver. From the sound of the breathing, it must be a whole regiment of boys—a whole family, anyway. Bet they were *all* gathered round. "Look," Moishe began, "I'm sorry what I said this morning. I mean, I know you don't do anything is not kosher.[4] All I want is you should tutor me."

"*Tutor* you? At this stage of the game?" I'd done a certain amount of tutoring during the term—seventy-five cents for a generously interpreted hour—but exam time was different.

"Well . . . look at it like this. I have to write a paper on *Lord Jim*. So you tutor me in *Lord Jim*, and then I write the paper. Everything above board, yes? You name the price."

I hesitated. It wasn't the most above-board proposition I'd ever heard. On the one hand, it wasn't exactly dishonest either. If I worked Moishe over for one

Continued

[2]Tunis or Sidi Baran—cities in the North African theatre of war

[3]*Lord Jim*—a novel by Joseph Conrad about a man who, as chief mate of a stricken ship, abandons the pilgrims who are his passengers in order to save his own life. The significance of this action is the crux of the novel.

[4]kosher—proper, appropriate

solid evening, I might really get him in shape to write his own paper. The red dress was ten dollars. I gathered up my nerve. "Would an evening's tutoring be worth ten dollars to you?"

Over the wires, Moishe leapt to embrace me. I could see the happy flush, the eager eye. "Perfect, perfect! You got yourself a deal. So when should I come?"

A new misgiving shook me. "You *have* read *Lord Jim?* Because if not, the deal's off."

The voice oozed and bubbled. "Sure, sure, how should I not read it? But it's a hard book, *you* know. Some things I could use a little help."

Next evening, Moishe sat across the table from me. He had brought his copy of the novel (very clean), a notebook, and a freshly sharpened pencil.

"Now, just to get started," I said briskly. "Suppose you tell me what you think *Lord Jim* is all about. What's the central theme of the book?"

He smiled happily. "Well, Conrad was attempting to illustrate in Jim's weakness and strength the mystery of human character and to reveal the hidden springs of human conduct. He shows . . ."

After the first sentence, with its manifestly un-Blochian cadence, I couldn't believe it. *Masterplots.* I'd have guessed anyway, but as it happened I'd taken a look at *Masterplots* that very day, to refresh my memory on details. The liar, the vermin, the unspeakable fraud. "You haven't read *Lord Jim!*" I shouted. "Not a line. You've memorized a crib!"[5]

Moishe looked hurt and sad. "I couldn't help it. Such a big book, and I read slow. But you help me now, and I read it this summer, I promise."

"I don't give a damn about your promises!" If I turned him out now, as he deserved, I lost the ten dollars *and* a precious evening of study time. I am in blood stepped in so far . . .[6] "O.K." I made up my mind. "We're reading it *now*, together."

He paled. "The whole book? But I need by next week the *paper*. . . ."

"No, of course not the whole book! Just key passages. We'll look at the most important parts, and I'll fill in the rest. Here—" I opened my copy, with its precious underlinings and marginal scribbles. ("Cf. Hardy," "N.B. Conrad's theme of illusion," and so on.) "Start reading."

It was awful, far worse than I could possibly have imagined. "Dogged" in "dogged self-assertion" he pronounced as if it were connected with the canine world. He did not know the meaning of *aggressive* or *immaculate*, thought *humane* was synonymous with *human*. He did not even, it appeared, know what a parson[7] was. ("*Parson?* Yeah, sure, I know. *Parson, person*—same thing.")

Continued

[5] memorized a crib—plagiarized an interpretation

[6] I am in blood stepped in so far . . .—a quotation from *Macbeth* regarding his degrees of guilt

[7] parson—rector or vicar of a church, especially a Protestant church

Irony escaped him entirely; no question of attempting illumination there. I drove him furiously through the opening account of the parsonage[8] from which Jim had come. "Now, what is the point of this description?" I prompted. "Why do we need it?" Moishe beamed, anxious to please. "We don't." At nine o'clock I gave up.

"All right," I announced tightly. "We can't possibly get through the book this way. We'll take another tack. You decide on a topic for your paper, and I'll talk about *that*. And"—I tried to sound casual—"you can take notes."

Rapturous, a spirit released from Hell, Moishe closed *Lord Jim* and consulted his notebook. "I have here a list . . . "

". . . The way I see it, there is here only one subject my speed. What *Lord Jim* Means to Me."

Of course. A perfect duffer's topic. The sort of thing no really good student would touch. I reached out for this soiled undergarment of a subject, anxious to cloak it with the familiar folds of critical drapery. "Conrad's great novel strikes a familiar chord in the heart of every sensitive reader. Jim's pathetic romanticism, coupled as it is with the fatal habit of thinking too precisely on the event . . . " I stopped. Moishe's pencil had, after the first few words, stopped scratching. He looked sick. "Nah," he said. "This ain't me. It's got to be—you know—what this story says to a plain schmo. Like what has *Lord Jim* got to do with Moishe Bloch?"

What indeed? Come to think of it, what did *Lord Jim* have to do with me? I had read the novel carefully, several times, underlining and annotating. I had committed to memory Stein's great speech on men and butterflies—"A man that is born falls into a dream, like a man who falls into the sea. . . . " I had distinguished myself on the final exam. But the truth of the matter was that *Lord Jim* had never meant anything to me—except, perhaps, a test of mastery.

Moishe's querulous[9] interruption caught me, blinded, in a spotlight of cold brilliance. I felt myself rocking, a small, badly rigged ship, on an ocean of immense significance. A phrase from the novel echoed hollowly: "In the destructive element immerse . . . " I jumped.

"You see . . . " I began. What was he to see? What did *I* see? The waters moved. I was Lord Jim, deep in the hold of the doomed ship, holding my lantern to the bulging bulkhead. Any minute now the ocean would overwhelm me. "It's like this. Jim is such a decent fellow, really. He wants to be good, and he thinks he *is* good. He's one of us." Moishe looked up questioningly. "I mean—well, *you* have certain ideas about what you want to do, or be—and I do—and we try to

Continued

[8]parsonage—parson's home
[9]querulous—complaining, peevish

live up to those ideas." Moishe nodded, frowning a little. I felt sudden compassion, thinking how hard it must be for him to pursue his parents' dream. "So we move along like Jim, always getting ready for the big moment when we can prove ourselves. And we feel secure, like Jim that night on the *Patna*, with the big ship sliding over the quiet water, the charts all laid out so neatly, with the compass and dividers and the straight pencil line marking the course. But all the while danger's coming. There's black smoke pouring from the funnel, and the wheel chains grind. Everything explodes all of a sudden—you know, like water at the back door when you're braced for fire at the front—and there's not time to get your hero suit on. You don't think or anything . . . . " Moishe was watching, round-eyed, now. "You just *jump*. And then you don't ever understand what happened. Did you jump because somebody told you to? Because, deep down, you're the jumping kind? Was it just bad luck that you found yourself on a sinking ship, or did you, somehow, go out and *find* that ship, the way Jim found out the *Patna* when he could have gone back to the home service?" I was talking faster now, with a kind of thick excitement, and at the same time ashamed of my excitement. Good Lord, *I* wasn't on trial. I was just helping a fellow with a paper. But the book had taken hold.

Moishe's question came as from the depths of myself. "So what's the answer?"

"Don't you see, there *isn't* any answer, ever? We're always in a mist— 'at the heart of a vast enigma,' Conrad says. But every time we fail our dream, we become less able to realize it next time. At the end, when Jim practically delivers his friends to a crook, it's because he has this crookedness in himself."

Moishe sighed, a balloon slowly sputtering out. "I didn't know it was such a sad book."

"Sad?" I was startled. "Well, I guess it is. If you care about being good, you always find out you're not good enough. And somehow, knowing that, you've got to pull your torn coat about you and stand as straight as you can."

I don't remember saying good night to Moishe. He left the envelope with my check in it, and word came by the grapevine that Bartlett was pleased with the paper. I bought the red dress. But the first time I tried it on, the wool itched terribly; another time, I stood turning in front of the mirror and it seemed that the dress made me look fat. Months passed. I heard that Moishe Bloch had been taken by the army, and felt a kind of mean relief. So I hadn't done anything after all. . . . Still the red dress hung at the back of the closet. At the end of the year, I crumpled it up in a box of old clothes and gave it to the Salvation Army.

Fredelle Bruser Maynard
Canadian writer and TV host

V. Questions 42 to 51 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

WING ROAD

Amazing how the young man who empties
Our dustbin[1] ascends the truck as it moves
Away from him; rises up like an angel
In a china-blue check shirt and lilac
Woollen cap, dirty work gloves, berry-red
Bandanna flapping his throat. He plants
One foot above the mudguard, locks his
Left hand to a steel bar stemming
From the dumper's loud mouth, and is borne
Away, light as a cat, right leg dangling,
The bright air snatching at that black-
Bearded face. He breaks to a smile, leans wide,
And takes the morning to his puffed chest,
His right arm stretched far out, a checkered
China-blue wing gliding between blurred earth
And heaven, a messenger under the locust trees
That stand in silent panic at his passage. But
His mission is not among the trees: he
Has flanked both sunlit rims of Wing Road
With empty dustbins, each lying on its side,
Its lid a fallen shield beside it, each
Letting the noonlight scour its emptiness
To shining. Carried off in a sudden cloud
Of diesel smoke, in a woeful crying out of
Brakes and gears, in a roaring of monstrous
Mechanical appetite, he has left this secret
Radiance straggled behind him where the crows,
Covening in branches, will flash and haggle.

Eamon Grennan
Irish American poet

[1]dustbin—garbage can

VI. Questions 52 to 61 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the final scenes of a play.

from KING RICHARD II, Act V, scenes v, vi

CHARACTERS:

RICHARD—recently deposed King of England
GROOM—a groom of Richard's royal stables
KEEPER—prison attendant
EXTON—Sir Percy of Exton
BOLINGBROKE—Henry of Lancaster, newly crowned King Henry IV
NORTHUMBERLAND—Earl of Northumberland, surnamed Percy
FITZWATER—a lord
PERCY—Northumberland's son

BOLINGBROKE *has just usurped the throne from* RICHARD II *and imprisoned* RICHARD *at Pomfret Castle in northern England.* BOLINGBROKE *is ensconsed at Windsor Castle, where, at the close of the previous scene, his supporter* EXTON *has interpreted* BOLINGBROKE's *words* "Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?" *as an appeal to murder* RICHARD. *In Pomfret Castle,* RICHARD *reflects on his fallen state. A groom enters the prison chambers.*

GROOM: Hail, royal prince!
RICHARD: Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.[1]
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?
GROOM: I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld
In London streets, that coronation-day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,[2]

Continued

[1]royal . . . ten groats too dear—the difference between a "royal" coin and a "noble" coin was ten groats, a groat being a coin worth fourpence. Richard plays on the word "peer" meaning that he, the cheapest, as a prisoner, has become the peer or equal of a groom. For the groom to have called him "royal" is to place him ten groats too high.

[2]roan Barbary—Richard II was a horseman. It was well-known that Barbary was his favourite horse.

22

That horse that thou so often has bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd![3]
RICHARD: Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?
GROOM: So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.
RICHARD: So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,
Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be awed by man,
Was born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,
Spurr'd, gall'd, and tired by jauncing Bolingbroke.
(*Enter* KEEPER, *with a dish.*)
KEEPER: Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.
RICHARD: If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.
GROOM: What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. (*Exit.*)
KEEPER: My lord, will't please you to fall to?[4]
RICHARD: Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.
KEEPER: My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately
came from the king, commands the contrary.
RICHARD: The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. (*Beats the* KEEPER.) . . .
(*Enter* EXTON *and* SERVANTS, *armed.*)
RICHARD: How now! what means death in this rude assault?
Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.
(*Snatching an axe from a servant and killing him.*)
Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
(*He kills another. Then* EXTON *strikes him down.*)
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. (*Dies.*)

Continued

[3]dress'd—groomed
[4]fall to—begin eating

EXTON: As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spill'd: O would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear:
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VI: Windsor Castle (*Flourish. Enter* BOLINGBROKE, YORK, *with other Lords, and Attendants.*)

BOLINGBROKE: Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is that the rebels have consumed with fire
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire;
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.
(*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND.)
Welcome, my lord: what is the news?
NORTHUMBERLAND: First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is, I have to London sent
The heads of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.
BOLINGBROKE: We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.
(*Enter* FITZWATER.)
FITZWATER: My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.
BOLINGBROKE: Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.
(*Enter* PERCY, *and the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE.)
PERCY: The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

Continued

BOLINGBROKE: Carlisle, this is your doom:
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So as thou livest in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

(*Enter* EXTON, *with persons bearing a coffin.*)

EXTON: Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

BOLINGBROKE: Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head and all this famous land.

EXTON: From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

BOLINGBROKE: They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour:
With Cain[5] go wander through shades of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent:
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:
March sadly after; grace my mournings here;
In weeping after this untimely bier.[6] (*Exeunt.*)

William Shakespeare

[5]Cain—in the Bible, the eldest son of Adam and Eve, who killed his brother, Abel, and was driven into the wilderness; a murderer

[6]bier—coffin

VII. Questions 62 to 70 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a novel.

from THE SCORCHED-WOOD PEOPLE

This fictional account is based on the early history of the province of Manitoba. Louis Riel, visionary Métis leader, has just returned to St. Boniface with the good news that Manitoba will become a province and that the fears of the Métis people will be resolved. He has faith in the word of George-Etienne Cartier, one of the Fathers of Confederation and a member of MacDonald's government. The Dumont brothers, Isidore and Gabriel, are among the listeners.

No one ever saw him [Riel] go through the small East Gate now; below the River Gate three York boats[1] bulged bottoms-up against the gleaming Assiniboine, where others already rocked. The bright air floated with the smell of pitch and pine and oak planking, the sounds of men working. Bales of goods lay stacked at the wharfs. As he turned the corner of the east wall, the whole length of it, boats and canvas and baling burst upon him, our people intent at what they loved, their hands shaping and mending. The June sunlight was a benediction and he paused, almost staggered at how mercifully it had begun to emerge, how the air stood in his nostrils like sharp incense. He could hardly believe himself, that out of his often fumbling insecurity dreamed like a nightmare staggering in the agonies of brain fever, that out of these decisions which sometimes burst with the clarity of an explosion into his rages—there is no other way and the devil do what he will this will happen—this goodness had happened. All of it in this glorious hunting sun, province and peace possible even for the buffalo hunters; he looked at his hand, moved it joint and thumb, fingers. The tight skin stretched: it was real. He saw, felt, smelt it. Real, and he waved suddenly, ecstatic as a child laughing while the working men near him looked up and waved, laughing, but he was signalling to horsemen clustered far below near the ferry on the Red River. Someone there, it looked like Gabriel, waved back and then they all ran, had mounted and were galloping up between the boats and workmen in one deep blue wave, their beautiful horses washing them up against the river and the far roofs and spires of St. Boniface.

"I hope your carts are in shape," he greeted them. "I've got good news."

The riders cheered to their horses' rearing and the workmen began to crowd about. To their shouts he was being hoisted up, laughing, the immense rounded curve of a York boat under him; he could feel the ridged planking through his moccasins.

Continued

[1] York boats—large canoe-like boats propelled by oars or a square sail; used by the Hudson's Bay Company on inland waters

"All right, now listen," he shouted; they were craning up at him, the horsemen above them, all brown faces in the early summer sun. "Ottawa has agreed to everything we said, everything, and we'll have a—"

The cheers echoed the length of the wall, and around along the two river flats; from everywhere more men came running. He knew the Convention should have heard this first, but he no more wanted to resist these cheering faces than the immense joy in himself.

"We're not just a territory; we're a province called Manitoba! And we keep our river property, just as it is. We keep our farms and our grazing lots, everything!" The air rang. "And a new governor is coming—a *good* one this time who—"

"Does he speak French?" yelled a voice.

"Not like you," Riel shouted back, "*good* French!"

The young man who remembered this to me a year later could hardly speak then for crying.

"All right!" Riel waved them quiet at last, the brown, hard faces gleaming below him like water in spring. "We have work to do. The Company has to get its goods out; you're almost ready with the boats. Robert has his windmill turning again as you can see, the grasshoppers may be bad, they could be as bad as last summer so you have to take good care of your cattle, and all you hunters . . ." he gestured to the riders, "you get your people out on the plains for buffalo. Lots of dull police-work, lots of politics but now we need pemmican."

The hunters cheered, were wheeling their nervous horses but several held steady, watching him. Elzéar shouted, "What about the soldiers, we heard they're coming?"

"That's a police force, no more guard duty for you. Half the men and all the officers are English regulars. And they won't be here before the new governor, so get your people and carts together, and let me know when you start. Now, everybody, back to work."

Through cheers the men scattered. Riel jumped from the boat, the ground so solid under him, but the three horsemen remained: the remaining three—Isidore Dumont had ridden back in spring—"savages" from the Saskatchewan country, looking as wild as if seven months in the settlement had simply settled them in their difference. Riel said to Gabriel, "You have further to ride than anyone," gesturing to the whooping riders by the river's glare, but Gabriel's expression did not soften in the least.

"I don't like this," he said.

"We have to have food; all the inland trade, everything depends on pemm—"

"I know that, I know." Gabriel leaned forward; his horse jerked its head against the summer flies. "It's them eight hundred greenhorns; we could pick

Continued

them off anywhere on the Winnipeg River like—"

Riel gripped his leg. "We've just made the biggest country in the world. Without killing anyone!"

"Ontario doesn't think so."

"One, necessary, *execution*.[2] You know how many people were killed, in anger, to make the United States?"

"Who cares, now?" Gabriel said very softly, and suddenly he was off his horse, nose to nose with Riel. "Let me tell you something, my fine politician, you've made the 'biggest country in the world' because of our guns! That's why every settler and stupid Canadian here and that Ontario guzzler and whoever in England listens to you. This nice little gun right here can pick you off a man at two hundred paces. They know power. And now they're sending their guns up our lakes and rivers and you're sending yours away? What's the matter with you?"

"Listen Gabriel, I know what—"

"I know Red River needs meat, everything inland needs it, but the Saskatchewan winterers had pretty good hunting. I can get you five hundred men for the summer, as good as these; we'll—"

"No."

"There'd still be enough on the plains to—"

"No! I don't want any 'army' around here to provoke any other 'army.' We must trust them, Cartier . . . show we trust their word. That, that's the only way . . ."

Riel's voice trailed off; he broke away from the big hunter glaring so overpoweringly at him. Across the molten river ducks flew north over St. Boniface and the trees lay like soft green froth among the houses.

"That's the only way different peoples can live together," he said.

"Okay," Gabriel said finally, though his tone remained unconvinced. "You trust. But I'd rather trust the Indians; I know them."

"If we're going to be part of Canada, we have to."

"Well, that's a thing all right." Gabriel elaborately rearranged the tangles of his horse's mane. "You were too far into it when I came, and I've kept my mouth shut, all this elections and papers . . ."

"Gabriel," Riel reached out, both his hands on the wide shoulders, "you have been a great strength to me, a pillar for our people, not only here but in the West. Our people . . . I have not thanked you enough. But I love you for what you've done."

Continued

[2]One, necessary, *execution*—the execution of the outspoken Canadian surveyor Thomas Scott at a Metis trial. This event greatly increased the tension between the federal government and Riel's people.

"It's been some fun," Gabriel grinned suddenly. "Lots of action, sure, though my Madeleine . . ." he shrugged, "we understand each other. If I hadn't wanted to, I wouldn't have stayed. They've heard about us now; they won't forget. But . . . why don't we just go West to all that country, Louis you don't know how big it is, the Saskatchewan country all the way to the mountains covered with snow, so high they're frozen, and beautiful . . . from the Missouri way up into the forests everything open, we lived near Fort Edmonton when I was small and the river valleys, the buffalo herds, my god we could have our own *nation*, by the blood none of this begging Ottawa for a province! You'd be our captain or president or king, whatever you wanted and all that land and water and air—"

"And the Indians dying of smallpox, the Blackfoot and Cree and Sioux killing each other, the buffalo just about—"

"There's millions of buffalo out there!"

"It's too late," Riel said. "You're dreaming too late."

Gabriel glared at him an instant; then with an abrupt, violent gesture leaped onto his horse. He leaned down, his mouth trying to lift into a grin.

"Five hundred men," he said. "We'd still have the fall hunt, that's enough for any good savage."

Riel stared at the ground beside his moccasins.

"Michel and Moïse are staying here," Gabriel muttered finally. "At least they'll give you some warning."

Riel looked up quickly; his hand gripped Gabriel's leg, the finger bent against the long Winchester tied to the saddle.

"Okay, my good friend, okay. And thank you for . . . staying." He laughed a little, "We have never had enough time to talk, always this with you sitting on a horse, ready to gallop off."

"I live on horses."

"Will you come back this fall? Wouldn't Madeleine like a winter here?"

"Maybe. I guess that'll depend what's . . . going on here," Gabriel suddenly clamped his huge hard hand over Riel's hand, crushing it against his leg and the round, tight belly of his horse. "God bless you, keep you," and he wheeled about, was galloping between the workmen towards the river trail, the strength of his emotion ringing in Riel's numb fingers like a bell of premonition. But neither of them would have believed they would not meet again for fourteen years. Neither would have believed that.

Rudy Wiebe
Alberta writer
Winner of 1995 Governor General's Award

Credits

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English 30: Part B

June 1997

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

Questions Booklet

June 1997

English 30

Part B: Reading

Grade 12 Diploma Examination

Alberta
EDUCATION

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June 1997

English 30 Part B: Reading
Questions Booklet
Grade 12 Diploma Examination

Description

Part B: Reading contributes 50% of the total English 30 Diploma Examination mark.

There are 70 questions in the Questions Booklet and 7 reading selections in the Readings Booklet.

Time: 2 hours. You may take an additional 1/2 hour to complete the examination.

Instructions

- Be sure that you have an English 30 Questions Booklet **and** an English 30 Readings Booklet.
- You may **not** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.
- On the answer sheet provided, use **only** an **HB** pencil to mark the correct or best answer for each question. Fill in the circle that corresponds to your answer. For example:

  Which month has 31 days?

  A. February
  B. April
  C. November
  D. December

  Answer Sheet

  Ⓐ Ⓑ Ⓒ ●

- Do not fold the answer sheet.
- Mark only one answer for each question.
- If you change an answer, erase your first mark completely.
- Answer all questions.

I. Read the essay on pages 1 to 3 of your Readings Booklet and answer questions 1 to 10.

1. The use of the phrase "elegant game" (line 3) in the context of the opening paragraph serves to reinforce the notion of

   A. superficiality
   B. advantage
   C. change
   D. risk

2. The author's tone in stating that Francis Fukuyama had "resolved the matter peacefully" (line 17) is **most clearly** reflected in

   A. "He published an article proclaiming the 'end of history' " (lines 17–18)
   B. "the worldwide triumph of Western liberal democracy" (line 18)
   C. "the posthistoric age" (line 19)
   D. "the human pageant terminates in a fuzz of meaningless well-being" (lines 19–20)

3. The term "spectacular narcissism" (line 21) means

   A. blind optimism
   B. dazzling brilliance
   C. inspiring idealism
   D. excessive self-absorption

4. The stylistic effectiveness of lines 22 to 28 results **primarily** from the author's use of

   A. detail
   B. contrast
   C. sensory images
   D. political references

Continued

5. The quotations from Dickens and Emerson (lines 29 to 35) serve to

   A. reinforce the complexity of the issue
   B. emphasize the significance of the past
   C. illustrate that most definitions are metaphors
   D. reinforce the violence and brutality of the present

6. The quotation that manipulates word patterns in order to emphasize the paradox of our era is

   A. " 'the best of times, the worst of times' " (lines 29–30)

   B. "a time of angels and moping dogs" (line 31)

   C. "a 'tessellated pavement without cement' " (line 37)

   D. "an age of brilliant incoherence . . . an age of incoherent stupidity" (lines 42–43)

7. The metaphors " 'tessellated pavement without cement' " (line 37) and "psychotically tessellated overload of images" (line 52) serve to reinforce the concept of

   A. fragmentation
   B. intelligence
   C. inquiry
   D. fusion

8. The implications of the metaphor of "the hand-held TV channel changer" (lines 44 to 45) are **most strongly** suggested in

   A. "When history vaporizes itself this way" (line 48)
   B. "electrons fired into space" (line 49)
   C. "The small world that the astronauts showed us from space" (line 51)
   D. "a landscape that is passive, agitated and insatiable" (line 54)

Continued

9. The author uses a figure of speech to reinforce his thesis in

A. "the Enlightenment or the Baroque Era or La Belle Epoque" (lines 56–57)
B. "the world that looks like the product of a shattered mind" (lines 59–60)
C. "the Accidental Century" (lines 61–62)
D. " 'The fecundity of the unexpected . . . far exceeds the statesman's prudence' " (lines 63–64)

10. The "dangerous loss" that the author concludes is the result of "blindingly accelerating change" (lines 74 to 77) refers to our being

A. lacking in literary appreciation
B. totally dependent on technology
C. deprived of meaningfulness and identity
D. unable to recognize the presence of evil

II. Read the poem on pages 4 and 5 of your Readings Booklet and answer questions 11 to 17.

11. In lines 1 to 3, the description of a judge is effective in establishing the

A. wisdom of the court
B. credibility of the court
C. common perception of a judge
D. contrast between umpires and judges

12. In the context of the definition of a perfect judge in lines 9 to 15, the phrases "bow humbly, bow low, be a pilgrim, light a candle" (lines 12 to 13) reinforce the idea that a perfect judge is

A. a marvel
B. arrogant
C. incompetent
D. an exhibitionist

13. The "white blackbird" and the "snow-white crow" (lines 14 to 15) serve metaphorically to

A. emphasize the rarity of an ideal judge
B. illustrate the illusory features of justice
C. establish a contrast between good and evil
D. convey the nature of a judge's responsibilities

14. The descriptions of "The perfect judge" (lines 9 to 15) and "A featherless human biped" (lines 16 to 24) establish a contrast between

A. order and chaos
B. caution and recklessness
C. formality and informality
D. faultlessness and customariness

Continued

15. The metaphor of the candle in lines 18 to 20 serves to convey a judge's

A. vulnerability
B. importance
C. ineptitude
D. humility

16. In context, the phrase that **best** implies that perfection is rarely attainable is

A. "sworn be- / fore God never to sell justice" (lines 1–2)
B. "The perfect judge is austere" (line 9)
C. "as though his words have an / added light and weight" (lines 34–35)
D. "so special a realm of exact justice" (line 41)

17. The poet conveys the main idea in this poem **mainly** by means of

A. narrative detail
B. reflective questioning
C. irregular lines and stanzas
D. citing public opinion

III. Read the excerpt from the play on pages 6 to 11 of your Readings Booklet and answer questions 18 to 29.

18. Considering Michael's initial reaction to the Old Woman's entering the house (lines 15 to 16), his final response to her could be considered

A. ironic
B. artificial
C. ungrateful
D. uncharitable

19. The Old Woman rejects food and money because she

A. is not in need
B. wants nothing from them at all
C. intends to force them to offer more
D. seeks commitment to an abstract cause

20. Michael's growing interest in the Old Woman is paralleled by the reader's growing sense that

A. the play will end in tragedy
B. the Old Woman is symbolic
C. Peter's generosity is excessive
D. Michael and Delia are not suited

21. The Old Woman's statement "They are gathering to help me now" (lines 116 to 117) could **best** be described as an example of

A. allusion
B. paradox
C. metaphor
D. foreshadowing

Continued

22. Peter's response to the Old Woman's revelation of her identity (lines 133 to 135) reveals that

A. Cathleen is a common name in Ireland
B. Peter has lost his capacity to respond to patriotism
C. Peter does not like the idea of patriotism expressed in song
D. the Old Woman is pretending to be more important than she is

23. Peter's practical instincts are **least** in evidence in

A. "There is no use leaving [money] out for every stranger to look at" (lines 11–12)

B. "It's a pity indeed for any person to have no place of their own" (line 31)

C. "Was it much land they took from you?" (line 45)

D. "I think I knew some one of that name, once . . . I remember, I heard it in a song" (lines 133–135)

24. The suggestion that the Irish temperament is accepting of the uncommon is **best** conveyed by

A. "You are welcome to whatever shelter we have" (line 22)
B. "is she a woman from beyond the world?" (line 85)
C. "we should treat her well" (line 88)
D. "It is not her friends you have to go and welcome" (line 122)

25. Michael's failure to understand the Old Woman's song (lines 148 to 149) suggests that

A. young men who go to fight for their country do not expect to die
B. the Old Woman purposely misleads Michael with her song
C. young men are not interested in listening to songs
D. Michael is suspicious of the old woman

Continued

26. Peter's words to Michael in line 150 indicate that Peter is

A. supportive of Michael's interest
B. fearing that he will lose Michael
C. impatient to get on with the wedding
D. irritated with the Old Woman's rambling

27. The statement "Look at him, Peter; he has the look of a man that has got the touch" (lines 164 to 165) reinforces the idea that

A. Michael is aware of the need for caution
B. love for Delia has overcome Michael
C. inspiration is changing Michael's countenance
D. Michael's mother believes he is an opportunist

28. The playwright conveys his attitude about Michael's decision to follow the Old Woman and join the French allies in

A. "Maybe you don't know, ma'am, that my son is going to be married to-morrow" (lines 126–127)

B. "They will have no need of prayers" (line 147)

C. "Did you see an old woman going down the path?" (lines 197–198)

D. "I saw a young girl, and she had the walk of a queen" (line 199)

29. In this excerpt, the playwright promotes the idea that

A. men are vulnerable to seduction
B. wisdom is the product of experience
C. patriotic ideals are nobler than domestic ideals
D. older women can readily lead young men astray

IV. Read the excerpt from the essay on pages 12 to 16 of your Readings Book and answer questions 30 to 41.

30. The title of the essay from which this excerpt is taken serves to emphasize the

A. cooperation brought on by war
B. recognition of shared experience
C. need for unselfish assistance among all peoples
D. closeness of those struggling in the academic world

31. In this excerpt, Moishe Bloch as "the agent of epiphany" (line 4) is an example of

A. irony
B. allusion
C. metaphor
D. exaggeration

32. The narrator's observation "I never inquired what one did there" (lines 14 to 15) conveys that she was

A. ashamed of her background
B. reluctant to pursue excellence
C. blindly fulfilling her parents' dream
D. fully aware of her rewards in the promised land

33. The narrator creates situational irony when she questions Moishe's

A. manners
B. aggressiveness
C. chance of success at university
D. motivation for attending university

Continued

34. *Read the following quotations and answer the question that follows.*

"he breathed strongly in my ear" (lines 30–31)
"He made a small noise, something between a groan and a belch" (lines 35–36)
"From the sound of the breathing, it must be a whole regiment of boys" (lines 58–59)
"Over the wires, Moishe leapt to embrace me" (line 74)
"The voice oozed and bubbled" (line 78)

The above quotations serve to illustrate the contrast between Moishe Bloch and the narrator's aloof reserve by reinforcing Moishe's

A. excessive physicality
B. inadequate vocabulary
C. theatrically appealing nature
D. lack of motivation

35. *Read the following quotations and answer the question that follows.*

"If I were the kind of person who wrote papers for money, I could have a dress like that" (lines 55–56)
"A perfect duffer's topic. The sort of thing no really good student would touch" (lines 120–121)
"Moishe's question came as from the depths of myself" (line 163)
"'If you care about being good, you always find out you're not good enough'" (lines 171–172)

Within the context of the excerpt, the irony in the above statements relates to the fact that

A. Moishe Bloch was trying to take the easy way out
B. the narrator is already knowledgeable on this essay topic
C. Moishe Bloch taught the narrator as much as or more than she taught him
D. students must make a decision about what they are capable of accomplishing

Continued

36. In the context of this excerpt, the narrator's statement "But the truth of the matter was that *Lord Jim* had never meant anything to me" (lines 133 to 134) is **mainly** an example of

A. paradox
B. empathy
C. self-revelation
D. ironic understatement

37. The statement "I jumped" (line 138) is **best** paraphrased as

A. I made a decision
B. I made a mistake
C. I grew impatient
D. I grew afraid

38. That retributive justice is visited upon the narrator is **best** illustrated by

A. "I was talking faster now, with a kind of thick excitement, and at the same time ashamed of my excitement" (lines 159–161)

B. "'If you care about being good, you always find out you're not good enough'" (lines 171–172)

C. "the wool itched terribly . . . and it seemed that the dress made me look fat" (lines 176–178)

D. "I heard that Moishe Bloch had been taken by the army, and felt a kind of mean relief" (lines 178–179)

39. The narrator gives her red dress away **mostly** because it

A. increases her dislike of Moishe
B. disturbs her conscience
C. does not become her
D. feels uncomfortable

Continued

40. The words that prompt the change in the narrator's attitude toward Moishe are

A. "'The way I see it, there is here only one subject my speed. What *Lord Jim* Means to Me'" (lines 118–119)

B. "'Like what has *Lord Jim* got to do with Moishe Bloch?'" (lines 127–128)

C. "'So what's the answer?'" (lines 163–164)

D. "'I didn't know it was such a sad book'" (lines 169–170)

41. Moishe Bloch is an "agent of epiphany" for the narrator because

A. before her experience with Moishe, the narrator had "asked no questions as the wheel went round"

B. in spite of her fears, the narrator's conscience was relieved when Moishe was given a good mark on his essay

C. Moishe allows the narrator to feel "virtuous indignation"

D. Moishe and the narrator needed each other

V. Read the poem on page 17 of your Readings Booklet and answer questions 42 to 51.

42. The title of the poem serves effectively to suggest the

A. idea that Wing Road is an afterthought
B. idea that Wing Road is an inspired haven
C. literal and figurative aspects of the poem
D. significance of the poet's familiarity with the setting

43. The details in lines 4 to 9, "In a china-blue check shirt . . . From the dumper's loud mouth," serve to establish

A. the careless attitude of the dustman
B. the colourful nature of the dustman's work
C. a contrast with the customary image of an angel
D. a contrast with the customary image of a garbage truck

44. "He breaks to a smile, leans wide, And takes the morning to his puffed chest" (lines 12 to 13) creates an image of the dustman as

A. jubilant
B. reckless
C. cautious
D. competent

45. The image of the dustman that is established in the poem is **best** conveyed by

A. "the young man who empties / Our dustbin ascends the truck" (lines 1–2)

B. "is borne / Away, light as a cat" (lines 9–10)

C. "The bright air snatching at that black- / Bearded face" (lines 11–12)

D. "a checkered / China-blue wing gliding between blurred earth / And heaven" (lines 14–16)

Continued

46. Alliteration is used effectively in

A. "rises up like an angel" (line 3)
B. "the dumper's loud mouth" (line 9)
C. "right leg dangling" (line 10)
D. "stand in silent panic at his passage" (line 17)

47. That the locust trees appear to "stand in silent panic" (line 17) reinforces the

A. unpredictable habits of the dustman
B. air of omnipotence that the dustman carries
C. atmosphere of destructiveness on Wing Road
D. neighbourhood's anticipation of the arrival of the crows

48. The dustman's mission is **most clearly** reflected in

A. "like an angel / In a china-blue check shirt" (lines 3–4)
B. "a messenger under the locust trees" (line 16)
C. "Letting the noonlight scour its emptiness / To shining" (lines 22–23)
D. "Carried off in a sudden cloud" (line 23)

49. The details of smoke, noise, and monstrousness in lines 23 to 26 serve to

A. convey the dustman's distress
B. contrast with the sounds of nature
C. emphasize the triumph of technology
D. create a dramatic contrast to bright benignity

50. The phrase "this secret Radiance" (lines 26 to 27) literally and metaphorically reinforce the

A. effect of the dustman's passing
B. dustman's fascination with order
C. arrogance of the dustman's attitude
D. dustman's reluctance to reveal himself

Continued

51. The lines that **most clearly** create an image of the dustman as an exalted warrior are

A. "Amazing how the young man who empties / Our dustbin ascends the truck as it moves / Away from him" (lines 1–3)

B. "a messenger under the locust trees / That stand in silent panic at his passage" (lines 16–17)

C. "he / Has flanked both sunlit rims of Wing Road / With empty dustbins, each lying on its side, / Its lid a fallen shield beside it" (lines 18–21)

D. "he has left this secret / Radiance straggled behind him where the crows, / Covening in branches, will flash and haggle" (lines 26–28)

VI. Read the excerpt from the final scenes of the play on pages 18 to 21 of your Readings Booklet and answer questions 52 to 61.

52. In the context of the circumstances, the dramatic effect of the exchange between Richard and the groom about Richard's horse, Barbary (lines 11 to 29), is to

A. illustrate the groom's unfailing loyalty
B. reinforce Richard's demoralizing defeat
C. emphasize the horse's indestructible pride
D. indicate Bolingbroke's masterful diplomacy

53. Richard's suspicions about his adversaries are **most evident** in the line

A. "If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away" (line 32)
B. "Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do" (line 35)
C. "The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee!" (line 38)
D. "what means death in this rude assault?" (line 41)

54. That Bolingbroke is compelled to take action based on the gravity of the implications of Richard's dying statement "thy fierce hand Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land" (lines 47 to 48) is indicated by

A. "They love not poison that do poison need" (line 98)

B. "The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour" (line 101)

C. "my soul is full of woe, / That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow" (lines 105–106)

D. "I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land, / To wash this blood off from my guilty hand" (lines 109–110)

Continued

55. To what or to whom is Richard referring when he says "thy seat is up on high" (line 49)?

A. God
B. His soul
C. Bolingbroke
D. His royal throne

56. Exton's mixed feelings about having killed Richard are **best** exemplified in

A. "O would the deed were good!" (line 52)
B. "This dead king to the living king I'll bear" (line 55)
C. "Great king, within this coffin I present / Thy buried fear" (lines 90–91)
D. "From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed" (line 97)

57. The enemy for whom Bolingbroke confesses a tolerant regard (lines 57 to 88) is

A. Brocus
B. Sir Bennet Seely
C. the Bishop of Carlisle
D. the Abbot of Westminster

58. Bolingbroke plays on words to reflect the charity of his attitude when he says

A. "Welcome, my lord: what is the news?" (line 62)
B. "And to thy worth will add right worthy gains" (line 69)
C. "Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot" (line 75)
D. "Carlisle, this is your doom" (line 83)

59. The paradox in Bolingbroke's statements in lines 98 to 100 is that

A. Richard was a better king than is Bolingbroke
B. Exton and Richard were part of a conspiracy
C. Richard dead is more grievous than Richard alive
D. Exton has proven himself more honourable than Bolingbroke

Continued

60. Bolingbroke's request to "put on sullen black incontinent" (line 108) serves to reinforce

A. the intensity of his wrath
B. the urgency of his need to forget
C. his need to formalize the expression of his grief
D. his preparations for his journey to the Holy Land

61. In this excerpt, Bolingbroke's apparent wish for Richard's death is presented as being

A. ironic
B. heroic
C. justifiable
D. responsible

VII. Read the excerpt from the novel on pages 22 to 25 of your Readings Booklet and answer questions 62 to 70.

62. In the context of the implications of the first paragraph (lines 1 to 22), the quotation that **most clearly** reflects Riel's euphoric mood is

A. "these decisions which sometimes burst with the clarity of an explosion" (lines 11–12)

B. "All of it in this glorious hunting sun" (line 13)

C. "he waved suddenly, ecstatic as a child laughing" (line 16)

D. "their beautiful horses washing them up against the river and the far roofs and spires of St. Boniface" (lines 20–22)

63. The words "benediction," "mercifully," "incense," "devil," "goodness," and "glorious" **most clearly** reflect Riel's

A. fearful attitude
B. spiritual fervour
C. imaginative nature
D. cheerful disposition

64. The conflict between Riel and Gabriel is based on whether or not

A. Riel is a capable leader
B. the Métis should move West
C. there should be a buffalo hunt
D. the government is trustworthy

65. Riel sends his armed men away **primarily** because he

A. senses that he has lost their respect
B. no longer has any need for weapons
C. does not need Gabriel anymore
D. wants to show a sign of good faith

Continued

66. Gabriel disagrees with Riel's decision to send away the buffalo hunters because

A. the settlers have inadequate meat supplies
B. he believes Riel's position will be weakened
C. he believes that Riel is trying to deceive him
D. the women and children will be left unprotected

67. The lines " 'Michel and Moïse are staying here,' Gabriel muttered finally. 'At least they'll give you some warning' " (lines 124 to 125) **most strongly** emphasize Gabriel's

A. anger
B. scepticism
C. impatience
D. independence

68. Gabriel's and Riel's references to Madeleine (lines 106 and 132) suggest that she is

A. indifferent about Gabriel's absence
B. jealous of Gabriel's friendship with Riel
C. a significant factor in Gabriel's deliberations
D. a source of conflict between Gabriel and Riel

69. The earliest suggestion that Riel's hopes were never fulfilled appears in the line

A. "The young man who remembered this to me a year later could hardly speak then for crying" (lines 41–42)

B. " 'You trust. But I'd rather trust the Indians; I know them' " (lines 95–96)

C. "the strength of his emotion ringing in Riel's numb fingers like a bell of premonition" (lines 136–137)

D. "neither of them would have believed they would not meet again for fourteen years" (lines 137–138)

70. In this selection, the **most dominant** tension is created by the

A. clashing of various cultures
B. challenging of authority shown by Gabriel
C. foreshadowing of impending trouble
D. contrasting emotions of Riel and his followers

English 30: Part B

June 1997

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